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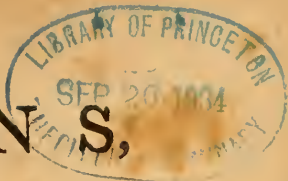
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The people of Trinity Church in Boston grew weary of singing the authorized Psalm-versions, and in 1808 the vestry ventured to print a hymn book for their private use. In this book of only one hundred and fifty-two hymns fifty-nine are Miss Steele's, and the preface explains that "if we have extracted more copiously from Mrs. Steele than from any other writer, we have done no more than what we thought due to her poetical superiority, and to the ardent spirit of devotion which breathes in her compositions." Such a tribute from within the most exclusive of denominations, and from another country than her own, reveals something of the great influence of Miss Steele's hymns.



H Y M N S,



SELECTED FROM THE
MOST APPROVED AUTHORS,
FOR THE USE OF
TRINITY CHURCH,
✓
BOSTON.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY
MUNROE, FRANCIS, & PARKER,
AT THE SHAKSPEARE BOOKSTORE,
NO. 4, CORNHILL.
1808.



PREFACE.

IF Psalmody forms not always a most pleasing part of public worship, it must arise from the imperfect manner of its execution. It is rarely executed, without some deficiency in language, some impropriety in the musical composition, or some defect of taste in the performers. The tunes, which prevail throughout New-England, are considered by the best judges as ill calculated to make serious impressions, and to kindle true devotion. Grave and solemn airs are best adapted to this purpose, and the talents of the first masters have been employed in their composition.

Our book of hymns has heretofore been very imperfect. It contained little variety, and less excellence. The necessity of a larger collection was generally felt; and at length the vestry authorized the present publication.

In this selection, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Belknap, whose book unquestionably contains the best specimens of sacred poetry extant; and if we have extracted more copiously from Mrs. Steele, than from any other writer, we have done no more, than what we thought due to her poetical superiority, and to the ardent spirit of devotion, which breathes in her compositions.

We sincerely congratulate the church, on this accession to its sacred treasures, and on the opportunity, which, in future, it will enjoy, in the language of the great apostle, of ‘singing with the spirit, and of singing with the understanding also.’



H Y M N S.



HYMN 1.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

For the Nativity of our blessed Lord and Saviour.
Luke ii. ver. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “ Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ To you, and all mankind.
- 3 “ To you, in David's town, this day
“ Is born of David's line,
“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
“ And this shall be the sign:
- 4 “ The Heavenly Babe you there shall find,
“ To human view display'd,
“ All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
“ And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,
 “ And to the earth be peace;
 “ Good will, henceforth, from heav’n to men
 “ Begin, and never cease.”

HYMN 2.

The Song of Men responsive to the Song of the Angels.

- 1 **W**HILE Angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
 Shall men no Anthem raise?
 O may we lose these useless tongues,
 When we forget to praise!
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
 And join the heav’nly throng;
 For Angels no such love have known
 As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv’n;
 For lo! th’ incarnate Saviour comes,
 With news of joy from heav’n!
- 4 Mercy and truth with sweet accord
 His rising beams adorn;
 Let heav’n and earth in concert sing—
 ‘ The promis’d child is born!’
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
 By highest worlds is paid!
 Be glory, then, by us proclaim’d,
 And by our lives display’d;

HYMN III.

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- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

HYMN 3.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

On the sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

- 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Well may the earth, astonish'd, shake,
And nature sympathise!
The sun as darkest night be black!
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

HYMN IV, V.

HYMN 4.

FOR EASTER-DAY.

On the Resurrection.

- 1 SINCE Christ our passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all;
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival :
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; Death shall on him
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die :
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin
But graciously restor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 5.

For the same.

- 1 CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;

For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive,
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 6.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost ! Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of thine ;
Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The Promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost !
Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 7.

For the same.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise !
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle our's !

HYMN 8.

For the same.

- 1 **H**E's come! let ev'ry knee be bent;
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 9.

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

From the Revelation of St. John.

- *1 **T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
And by thy bounty live.

* Chap. iv.

†2 And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
 Honour, and wealth to gain,
 Glory and strength; who, for our sins,
 A sacrifice was slain!

‡3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
 By thy most precious blood.

§4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
 By all in earth and heav'n,
 To Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 10.

For the same.

1 **M**y God, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them thy sweet mercies know!

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

† Chap. v. 12.

‡ Chap. v. 9.

§ Ver. 13.

- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!
- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord!
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb!
- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light, or feel the sun!

HYMN 11.

For the same.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Then let us join the heav'nly Choirs,
To praise our heav'nly King!
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing—

- 4 “ Glory to God in highest strains,
“ And to the earth be peace ;
“ Good will from heav’n to men is come ;
“ And let it never cease !”

HYMN 12.

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

- 1 **T**HE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each op’ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
“ Or through this year, or month, or day,
“ I shall retain this vital breath,
“ Thus far, at least, in league with death ?”
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God ;
’Tis thine to fix my soul’s abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine ;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more !
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach that place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year ! begin ;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 13.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face ;
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;

- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament;
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give these sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.
- 7 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Shine brighter in thy Book.
- 8 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.
- 9 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

- 10 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 11 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 12 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 13 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 14.

ON GRATITUDE TO GOD.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.

- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 15.

On the glory of God in the Starry Heavens : Being a translation of part of the 19th psalm of David.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is Divine.”

HYMN 16.

On the Providence of God : taken chiefly from the 23d Psalm
of David.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
- 2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.

- 3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
- 5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade:
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
- 6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 17.

For the Mercies of Redemption.

- 1 **A**LL-GLORIOUS God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light !
By him what wond'rous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours ;
Where Saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state !

HYMN 18.

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

- 1 SALVATION doth to God belong ;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song ;
From him alone all mercies flow ;
His arm alone subdues the foe !
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r ;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King ;
- 4 Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise ;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

HYMN 19.

On God's Dominion over the Sea.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas ! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice !
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus, is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord !
Yet men, who trace the dang'rous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves !

HYMN 20.

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

- 1 **L**ORD ! for the just thou dost provide ;
Thou art their sure defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 Though they through foreign lands should
And breathe the tainted air, [roam,
In burning climates, far from home ;
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please ;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas !
- 4 When waves on waves, to heav'n uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art ;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart ;
- 5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
To snatch me from the grave !
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save !
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still !
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 21.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

- 1 **N**ow may the God of grace and pow'r
Attend his people's humble cry ;

- Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up ;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts :
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

HYMN 22.

For the Use of the Sick.

- 1 **W**HEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly ;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart ;
Bethesda's* bath refused to save,
Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.

John v. 4.

- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee ;
And nct a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool*, we find,
At heav'ns command restor'd the blind ;
And Jordan's† waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will ;
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?
My crimes; my crimes, arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes ;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely Names I ne'er could plead
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed ;
His blood procures for human race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.

* John ix. 7.

† 2 Kings v. 10.

- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
- 11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 23.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's* tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

* Isaiah xxxix. 9, &c:

- 5 To him I cry'd, " Thy servant save,
 " Thou ever good and just ;
 " Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave ;
 " Thy pow'r is all my trust !"
- 6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears ;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 Through my remaining years.

HYMN 24.

On the same.

- 1 **M**y God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
 Thee I'll extol with thankful voice ;
 Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
 With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
 To thee I cry'd, and thou did'st save ;
 Thou did'st support my sinking hopes,
 My life did'st rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye Saints ! rejoice with me,
 With me sing praises to the Lord ;
 Call all his goodness to your mind,
 And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short ; his love
 Which is our life, hath certain stay ;
 Grief may continue for a night,
 But joy returns with rising day !

HYMN XXV.

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- 5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

HYMN 25.

Funeral Consolations.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n declares,
To those in Christ who die !
“ Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
“ They reign with him on high.”
- 2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r ;
But Christ, our ransom, died !
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay ;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day !

- 5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing :
“ Where is thy victory, O grave ?
“ And where, O death, thy sting ?”

HYMN 26.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel. St. Matth. Chap. x.

- 1 Go forth, ye Heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 27.

The same Commission, from St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and from
St. Matth. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 “ Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
“ Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
“ Explain to them my sacred Word,
“ Bid them believe, obey, and live !
- 2 “ I’ll make my great commission known,
“ And ye shall prove my gospel true,
“ By all the works that I have done,
“ And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
“ Go cast out devils in my Name ;
“ Nor let my Prophets be afraid, [pheme.
“ Tho’ Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
- 4 “ While thus ye follow my commands,
“ I’m with you till the world shall end ;
“ All pow’r is trusted in my hands ;
“ I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heav’n he rode !
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 28. C. M. [* or b]

True Happiness only in God.

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin’d,

Amidst the varied scene of things
Which entertain the mind ;

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest,
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering specious wile,
For what can yield a real joy
But our Creator's smile ?

4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone our restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great Source of all felicity,
To thee our wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

6 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,
Here would our spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make us fully blest.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 29. C. M. [*]

The transforming Vision of God.

1 **M**Y God, the visits of thy face
Afford superiour joy

- To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
Unsatisfy'd I stray;
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heavenly bliss partake.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 30. L. M. [b]

The Safety of Trusting in God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,
What terrors can my soul affright?

- Whilst God, my strength, my life, is near,
What mortal shall alarm my fear?
- 2 When numerous hosts besiege me round,
My courage shall maintain its ground;
Tho' war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- 3 This only bliss my heart desires,
To this my ardent wish aspires,
In God's own house to spend my days,
To hear his word, and speak his praise;
- 4 When troubles rise, my guardian God
Will hide me safe in his abode;
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
Should love forsake a parent's heart;
The God on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait
On God with faith and patience wait;
His hand shall life and strength afford;
Wait, therefore, ever on the Lord.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 31. L. M [b or *]

Confidence in God.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;

Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

- 2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To safety guide my wandering feet.
- 3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign ;
My saviour God, I trust thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.
- 4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies ;
But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
And trust his power, who built the skies.
- 5 What perfect bliss, O bounteous Lord,
Immensely great, divinely free,
Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee !
- 6 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove ;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.
- 7 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart !
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 32. L. M. [*]

Praise for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
When war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the crimson plain ;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own, [power ;
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings,
Reviving commerce spreads her sails ;
The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XXXIII, XXXIV.

37

HYMN 33. C. M. [✱]

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, air, and earth are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

WATTS.

HYMN 34. L. M. [✱ or b]

Divine Protection, Resignation, and Gratitude.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours;

- Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.
- 2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.
- 4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 5 Is blooming health my happy share ?
O may I bless my God ;
Thy goodness let my song declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 6 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 7 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.
- 8 Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;

Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 35. C. M. [*]

The Unchangeableness of God.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast earth's foundations laid,
The heavens, a glorious frame,
By thine Almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.
- 2 Their shining glories all shall fade,
By thy controlling power,
Chang'd like a vesture when decay'd :
But thou shalt still endure.
- 3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days ;
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.
- 4 Thy servant's children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God ;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 36. C. M. [b]

Humility and Contentment.

- 1 **I**s there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;

Or, do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
All discontent and pride ;
Nor let me, in erroneous paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With humble pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known ;
O give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food,
I ask not wealth or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And sense to praise thy name.

7 May my still days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And let me for the parting hour
Incessantly prepare.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection.

HYMN 37. C. M. [*]

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
King, guardian of my days ;
My heart thy mercies would record
In grateful songs of praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care ;
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe my infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How faint her brightest ray !
How little of my God I knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thine almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.
- 5 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye !
How many past almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by !
- 6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

- 7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies ;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 8 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 38. C. M. [✕]

Divine Goodness.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord ! our souls adore !
We wonder while we praise ;
Thy power, what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise ?
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise ;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies.
- 3 Thy praise shall be my constant theme,
The wonders of thy power ;
I'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.
- 4 But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
The riches of thy grace ;
And songs of grateful joy reveal
Thy spotless righteousness.

- 5 How large thy tender mercies are !
How wide thy grace extends !
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 6 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
On thee, their common Father, wait ;
From thee receive supplies.
- 7 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
From thine exhaustless store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.
- 8 Holy and just in all its ways,
Is Providence divine ;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and goodness shine.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 39. C. M. [*]

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil the lustre of your eyes
Before a brighter God.

- 3 Thou central globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days ;
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Blush and refund the honours paid
 To your inferior names ;
 Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
 By his exhaustless flames.
- 5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
 Through the etherial blue !
 For when his chariot is a cloud,
 He makes his wheels of you.
- 6 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
 The troops of his command,
 Appear in all your awful forms,
 And speak his potent hand.

WATTS.

HYMN 40. P. M. [*]

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing.
 In their great Creator
 Let all men rejoice,
 And heirs of salvation
 Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies :
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes,
Now publish his praise :
We mortals delighted,
Would borrow your tongue ;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

TATE, varied.

HYMN 41. C. M. [*]

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

4 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Came from the bosom of his God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

5 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain,
To bind his soul in death:
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

6 Not long the bands of death could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On one so much divine.

7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below;
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And endless blessings flow.

8 Now to our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage let us give;

And be prepar'd like him to die,
That with him we may live.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN 42. L. M. [b]

Holy Resolution.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls, who strive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice;
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 43. C. M. [b]

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.
- 6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go astray,
From happiness and thee.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 44. L. M. [b or *]

Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 **A**LL-KNOWING God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who, among men, high lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call ?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake ?
- 3 Who, with another's eye, can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light ;
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould ?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

SCOTT

HYMN 45. L. M. [* or b]

Christ our Example.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;

The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

6 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord we depend upon thy care,
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 46. L. M. [* or b]

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done !
Another Sabbath is begun !
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away ;
The Sabbath thus we love to spend,
In hope of one which ne'er shall end.

STENNËT.

HYMN 47. L. M. [*]

The Christian Race.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose powerful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls will fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS.

HYMN 48. C. M. [b]

The Ignorance of Man.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the new born infant griev'd,
With hunger, thirst and pain!

It cries to have its wants reliev'd,
But knows not to complain.

2 Such childhood yet I must confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where to seek its cure.

3 Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever watchful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

4 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

5 And since, by error's force subdu'd,
My oft misguided will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

6 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

MERRICK.

HYMN 49. C. M. [*]

Benevolence rewarded.

1 **B**LEST is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain;

- To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.
- 5 Peace, from the bosom of his God,
Peace shall to him be given ;
His soul shall rest secure on earth,
And find its native heaven.
- 6 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy, from above
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN 50. C. M. [*]

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;

- And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne, how dazzling bright
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 51. L. M. [* or b]

Weary Souls invited to Rest.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come and accept the promis'd rest ;

- The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes to God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
May that sweet influence in our breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 52. C. M. [*]

Christ the King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd,
With glories all divine;

And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless love
In him unite their rays ;
You that his heavenly influence prove,
Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 53. C. M. [b]

The Consolations of Age.

1 **E**THERNAL God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;

- Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years, time urges on,
My strength must soon decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or cordials shield my heart ?
- 5 But thou canst cheer my mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me by Almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then let my soul, O gracious God,
Ascend to realms of day ;
And in that sacred, blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay.
- 7 Throughout the heaven's remotest bound
Thy matchless love proclaim ;
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection.

HYMN 54. C. M. [*]

Joy and Gratitude.

- I **E**TERNAL Love! how large the sum
Of blessings from thy hand!

To banish sorrow and be blest
Is thy supreme command.

- 2 Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The sunshine of the soul ;
The best return that we can make
To him who plans the whole.

YOUNG.

- 3 Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

- 4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

- 5 Let the blest hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

RIPPON'S Collection.

HYMN 55. L. M. [*]

Divine Goodness.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
Whilst in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole ;

- By thee, the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive hymns of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 5 O, may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown, pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.
- Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 56. C. M. [*]

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise,
Thee, all thy creatures sing ;
With thy great name, rocks, hills and seas
And heaven's high arches ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There dost thou make the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;

- There the pale planets rule the night,
And day obeys the sun.
- 4 The roaring winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey :
With spreading wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike our feeble sight,
Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 7 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

WATTS.

HYMN 57. C. M. [* or b]

Walking by Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home ;

F

Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made,
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restor'd.

4 Abrah'm obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN 58. C. M. [* or b]

The Lord's Prayer.

1 **F**ATHER of all! Eternal mind!
Thou great and good alone!
Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy sacred throne.

2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.

3 Thy righteous, mild and equal reign,
Let every being own;

And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

4 As angels, round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures, here below,
Perform thy heav'nly will.

5 On thee, we day by day depend,
Our daily wants supply;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.

6 Extend thy grace to every fault,
And let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentment live.

7 Where tempting snares beset the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
And bow before thy throne;
For kingdom, power, and glory, Lord,
Belong to thee alone.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 59. C. M. [*]

The Universal Prayer.

1 **F**ATHER of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore;

- Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.
- 2 Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 3 To thee, whose presence fills all space,
The earth, the air, the skies ;
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !
- 4 Father of all ! whose tender care
Does every want supply ;
To thee I pour the fervent prayer,
And raise the filial eye.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away ;
Who gratefully enjoys and lives,
Does the best homage pay.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent ;
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 6 Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal destruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

9 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

10 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
But, all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
Then let thy will be done.

Altered from POPE.

HYMN 60. C. M. [* or b]

Prudence.

1 **F**ATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heav'n-ey'd prudence be my guide,
And when I go astray,
Recal my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in ev'ry various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And whilst I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;

And let it guard, and guide, and warn,
And penetrate my heart.

- 3 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love ;
And all my darkness be dispers'd,
In endless light above.

SMART.

HYMN 61. L. M. [*]

Praise for Rain and Fruitful Seasons.

- 1 **F**ATHER of light! we sing thy name,
Who made the sun to rule the day :
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious showers of genial rain ;
Which, o'er the hill, and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily goodness fed,
Transgress thy law, abuse thy grace.
- 4 Not so, shall our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Receive with praise, and ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall the sun more grateful shine,
And showers in welcome drops shall fall ;

When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

- 6 Jesus! our brighter Sun, arise,
In plenteous showers, thy Spirit send,
Earth then shall grow to Paradise;
And in celestial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 62. C. M. [✱]

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Treasures beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer fruits than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our study and delight;

And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 63. C. M. [* or b]

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His counsels to perform ?
He marks his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Let fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds they so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on their head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN 64. L. M. [b]

Unceasing Praise.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my feeble eyes shall break,
And *mean* those thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But when the final conflict's o'er,
My spirit chain'd to flesh no more ;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;

And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so vast, a theme so high,
Demands a whole eternity.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 65. C. M. [b]

Trust in God.

- 1 GREAT Source of boundless power and
Attend my mournful cry ; [grace !
In the dark hour of deep distress,
To thee alone I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay ;
Assist my feeble trust ;
Drive these distressing fears away,
And raise me from the dust.
- 3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name ;
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
Forever is the same.
- 4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die ;
Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raise my pleasures high.
- 5 Here let me rest, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all ;

Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I shall never fall.

SMART.

HYMN 66. C. M. [*]

Christian Moderation.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean ;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his more humble heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth is in his breast ;
With grief, he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart ;
With temp'rance he receives his food,
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect and party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd ;
The good he loves, of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and peaceful love ;

The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the heavenly dove.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN 67. C. M. [b]

Walking in Darkness, and trusting in God.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the tedious night be gone?
And when the dawn arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend !
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend !
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here will I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid 'celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
Thy love can make my sorrow cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays ;

And change these deep complaining sighs
To songs of sacred praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 68. C. M. [*]

Preservation at Sea, and in foreign Countries.

- 1 **H**ow are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is our guide,
Our help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care ;
Through burning climes we pass unhurt,
And breathe infected air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil ;
Makes every region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;

Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My hope repos'd on thee.

7 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

8 In midst of dangers and of death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

(Supposed) ADDISON.

HYMN 69. C. M. [* or b]

Pardoning Mercy.

1 **H**ow oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my erring thoughts depart,
Forgetful of thy word !

2 Yet sov'reign mercy cries " return,"
Lord, at thy call, I come ;
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive ;
And all my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wond'rous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious ! how divine !

That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine !

- 5 Thy pard'ning love, forever free,
With rapture I adore ;
Lord, I devote myself to thee,
And long to love thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 70. L. M. [* or b]

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy deference to thy father's will ;
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN 71. C. M. [b]

The Frailty and Folly of Man.

- 1 **H**ow short and hasty is our life !
How vast our souls' affairs !
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on ;
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high ;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

HYMN 72. S. M. [b]

Compassion and Forgiveness.

- 1 **I** HEAR the voice of woe !
I hear a brother's sigh !
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, mine eye.

- 2 I hear the thirsty cry !
The hungry beg for bread !
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay ;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day ;
- 4 Shall not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying " I repent,
" Nor will offend again ?"
- 5 If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God ! and how present the prayer
For thy forgiving grace ?
- 6 They who forgive, shall find
Remission, in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity shall repay.
- 7 But all who here below
Mercy refuse to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy most they want.

ENFIELD.

HYMN 73. C. M. [*]

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face ;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

HYMN 74. S. M. [* or b]

The Love of Truth.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But Christian truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

- 2 A meek inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.
- 3 With understanding bless'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 75. C. M. [*]

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy glories are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.
- 2 But, in the nobler work of grace,
What winning mercy smiles!
In my divine redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles.

- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise ;
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.
- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath ;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But, O how blest my song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay ;
And all thy glories meet mine eyes,
In one eternal day !
- 6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name
Through the etherial plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raise sublimer strains.

SOWDEN.

HYMN 76. L. M. [* or b]

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 **O** COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love !
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah ! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day ;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.

- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars fill the ground ;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heaven my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay ;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

PROUD.

HYMN 77. C. M. [*]

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, whose bounteous care,
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou bless'd !
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
And then to realms of endless light,
O let my spirit soar.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 78. C. M. [*]

Divine Goodness.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou art good, all nature shows
Thee full and free and kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will !
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts ;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 79. C. M. [* or b]

God our Portion. Psalm iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**N vain the erring world inquires
For true substantial good ;
Whilst earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.
- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind ;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Be gone, ye gilded vanities !
I seek some solid good !
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.
- 5 To thee, my God, my soul aspires ;
Dispel these shades of night ;
Enlarge and fill these vast desires
With infinite delight.

- 6 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray ;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 80. C. M. [*]

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
The clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

- 6 Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

WATTS.

HYMN 81. L. M. [* or b]

Christ the Way to God.

- 1 **I**N vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, no other name but thine,
Is giv'n by everlasting love,
'To lead our souls to joys divine ;
No other name will God approve.
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these, my fainting spirit lives ;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the power of nature gives.
- 4 To whom but thee, shall mortals go,
To find the true and living way,
That leads us through this world of woe
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 5 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart !
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps, and rule my heart.

- 6 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My safety dwells, and peace divine ;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 82. L. M. [*]

The Blessing of the Gospel.

- 1 **I**N various forms, to saints of old,
God did his mind and will unfold ;
But Christ, commission'd from above,
Hath now reveal'd his grace and love.
- 2 We read the volume of thy word,
That book of life, that true record ;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this sure conveyance given.
- 3 His kindest thoughts are here exprest ;
Able to make us wise and blest ;
His doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 We render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundless love ;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation bless the Lord.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 83. C. M. [* or b]

In a Thunder Storm.

- 1 **L**ET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
Which thunders through the sky :
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul :

- 7 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

HYMN 84. C. M. [* or b]

Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass, our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our flesh contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who made us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 Whilst we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

WATTS.

HYMN 85. C. M. [b]

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more ;
Where now are fled those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before ?
- 3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo ! stern winter flies !
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When, what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 86. L. M. [b]

Life and Death.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And whilst the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour which God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love are lost ;
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 No acts of pardon can be past
In the cold grave to which we haste :
For no repentance can be found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My soul, with all thy might pursue ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be forever blest.

WATTS.

HYMN 87. C. M. [*]

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak the hand divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms
In earth and sea and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good !
- 5 The meads, array'd in beauteous green,
With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear ;
Their varied charms display thy power,
Thy goodness all declare.

- 7 The sun's productive quick'ning beams
 The growing verdure spread ;
 Refreshing rains and cooling streams
 His gentle influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light
 Reflect with borrow'd rays ;
 And deck the sable vale of night,
 And speak their Maker's praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 88. L. M. [* or b]

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
 Amidst the wonders of thy love,
 Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
 And bids intruding fear depart.
- 2 But whilst thy sufferings I survey,
 And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
 These dear memorials of thy pain
 Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 3 I hear thy groans, with deep surprize,
 And view thy wounds with weeping eyes;
 Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
 With anguish fill'd, and pains unknown.
- 4 For mortal crimes, a sacrifice,
 The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ;
 What love, what mercy, how divine !
 And can I call the Saviour mine ?

- 5 Repenting sorrow fills my heart,
"But mingling joy allays the smart ;
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 6 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 89. L. M. [*]

Folly cured by Affliction.

- 1 Low at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlasting friend,
Permit the claim ; O let thine ear
My humble suit indulgent hear.
- 2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,
And ask of thee, thy promis'd grace ;
O may thy favour, bliss divine !
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.
- 3 But, O my heart, reflect with shame ;
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often I have stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.
- 4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !
Till heavenly pity saw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.

- 5 And when the snares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways?
- 6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileness and thy love I own;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.
- 7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedless heart requires the rod,
Thy arm, supporting, I implore;
The hand that chastens, can restore.
- 8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love;
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 90. L. M. [* or b]

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **L**ORD of the earth, and sea, and skies,
All nature owns thy sov'reign power;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.
- 2 We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heaven, tremendous sound!
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread their horrors all around.

- 3 What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine in dreadful storms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Descend to crush rebellious worms!
- 4 These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;
But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controls.
- 5 O let thy mercy, on my heart,
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper " thou art mine."
- 6 Then, safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 91. L. M. [* or b]

Imploring Divine Influences.

- 1 **M**Y God, whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart ;
In vain my tongue with feeble aim
Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise ;
I sink to earth, and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.

- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire ;
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet.
- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony and praise and love ;
That grace which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.

- MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 92. S. M. [* or b]

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 **M**y Maker and my King !
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord, whatst can I impart
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;
The gift, alas, how poor !
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 93. C. M. [* or b]

Repentance and Hope.

- 1 **M**y Saviour, when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide my guilty face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart !
By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,
From Jesus to depart !

- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace and rest :
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores ;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O whilst I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, the pard'ning word,
With pity in thine eye.
- 6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 94. C. M. [*]

Divine Goodness in Afflictions.

- 1 Now to thy heav'nly Father's praise,
My heart thy tribute bring ;
That goodness which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleasure sing.
- 2 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod ;
His powerful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.

- 3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.
- 4 My grateful soul would humbly bring
Her tribute to thy throne;
Accept the wish, my God, my King,
To make thy goodness known.
- 5 O be the life thy hand restores,
Devoted to thy praise!
To thee I consecrate my powers,
To thee, my future days.
- 6 Thy soul-enliv'ning grace impart,
A warmer love inspire;
And be the breathings of my heart
Dependence and desire.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 95. C. M. [*]

Charity.

- 1 **O** CHARITY! thou heavenly grace!
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!
- 2 The man of charity extends
To all, his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

- 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;
 He hears when they complain ;
 With tender heart delights to bless,
 And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
 And all the sons of grief,
 In him a benefactor find,
 He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
 'Tis love that makes us rise,
 With willing mind and ardent feet,
 To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,
 And charity pursue ;
 Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
 And love as angels do.

PROUD.

HYMN 96. C. M. [* or b]

Winter.

- 1 Now winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round :
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 With verdure lately crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart ;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.

- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Ere long the sun with genial ray
Shall cheer the mourning earth ;
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.
- 5 So, if my soul's bright Sun impart
His all-enliv'ning smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen soil.
- 6 Then faith and hope and love shall rise,
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.
- 7 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 97. L. M. [* or b]

Brotherly Love.

- 1 O GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring ;
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.

- 2 May we from every act abstain,
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind ;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.
- 4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe ;
And bear a sympathising part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
Thus may we his disciples prove
Who came to manifest thy love.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN 98. C. M. [*]

TE DEUM.

A general Hymn of Praise.

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
* To thee the powers on high,

Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry.

3 O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never ceasing joy ; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN 99. C. M. [*]

The Ways of Wisdom.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;

And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches with splendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN 100. C. M. [* or b]

Filial Submission.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears !
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;

Who never hast a gift withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

- 4 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 5 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait, serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 6 My Father ! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 101. C. M. [*]

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 **O**N thee each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend ;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,

- In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- 5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wond'rous acts proclaim ;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
And bless thy sacred name.
- 6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
The growing work pursue ;
And thee alone wilt praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

Liverpool Collection*

HYMN 102. C. M. [b]

The contrite Heart.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?

O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my comfort here below,
And my eternal joy.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 103. S. M. [* or b]

Communion with God and Christ.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,

Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hands
And purchas'd with his blood !

4 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care,
My advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart ;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN. 104 C. M. [b]

Submission to afflictive Providence.

1 **P**EACE, my complaining, doubting heart ;
Ye busy cares, be still ;
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amidst the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends ;
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

4 Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains ;

Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains !

5 Great sov'reign Lord, I own thy hand,
Thou just and wise and kind ;
Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.

6 From evil, thou wilt good produce,
And light from darkness raise ;
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,
And turn my tears to praise.

Mrs. STEELE, with Addition.

HYMN 105. C. M. [b]

The Trials of Virtue.

1 **P**LAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd ;
I view'd its ills of various kinds
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers mov'd
That virtue's path inclose ;
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd ;
But oh, what toils oppose !

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread !
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet ?

How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperience'd feet ?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
My Maker's will has plac'd me here ;
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give ;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul ?
Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

8 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

MERRICK.

HYMN 106. L. M. [b]

Faith in God in a Time of Distress.—Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain :

2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famish'd master die ;

And hope itself expiring weep,
Whilst life deplores its last supply :

- 3 Amidst the dark the deathful scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart ;
Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine,
The barren desert shall rejoice ;
'Tis paradise if thou be mine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 107. L. M. [*]

Divine Providence towards Man and Beast.

- 1 **T**HE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;

To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, of sea and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.
- 5 Thy care great God, sustains them all ;
When urg'd by hunger's powerful call,
Expectant of the known supply,
To thee they lift the asking eye.
- 6 To thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue
Shall raise the morn and evening song ;
And long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN 108. C. M. [b]

Resignation, or Good out of Evil.

- 1 **O** RESIGNATION ! heav'nly power !
Our warmest thoughts engage ;
Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sole support of age.
- 2 Teach us the hand of love divine
In *evils* to discern ;

- 'Tis the first lesson which we need,
The latest which we learn.
- 3 Is resignation's lesson hard?
On trial we shall find,
It makes us give up nothing more
Than anguish of the mind.
- 4 Resign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove;
The heavy load of grief and care
Devolves on ONE above.
- 5 He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand;
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to stand.
- 6 What though we're swallow'd in the deep,
And billows round us roar?
Like *Jonah* thou wilt safely keep,
And guide us to the shore.
- 6 Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form;
Though tempests rise, we know that thou
Canst save us by the storm.

YOUNG, altered.

HYMN 109. C. M. [* or b]

For a New Year.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;

How swift the weeks complete their round !
 How short the months appear !

- 2 So fast, eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concern to see,
 That I may act the christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 110. L. M. [*]

The Reward of faithful Servants. Daniel xii. 3.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day ;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 And God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never fading lustre shine ;

Surprising honour ! large reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine !

- 3 How happy then the truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
How happy they whom Heav'n employs,
To turn rebellious men to God ;
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves !
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know no change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 6 No fancy'd joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.
- 7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ;
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble dying strength renew.
- 8 On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 111. C. M. [* or b]

Death and Heaven.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made by hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, oh my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

HYMN 112. L. M. [* or b]

Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 "THIS do in mem'ry of your friend."
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live forever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure, more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these vales to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

HYMN 113. C. M. [b]

God our Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 **T**HOU refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy promises can bring relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would rise to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There shall my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thee still,
And wait beneath thy feet.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 114. S. M. [*]

Christ the Wisdom of God.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son ;
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep ;
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well ;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

- 7 My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran;
Ere sin appear'd, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them, dies.

WATTS.

HYMN 115. C. M. [*]

Divine Goodness to Man.

- 1 **T**HY wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But man thy bounties shall record,
For thy distinguished care.
- 2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
Our brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.
- 4 Thy providence our constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Will either threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

- 5 On us thy providence has shone
With its propitious rays ;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 6 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 116. L. M. [* or b]

Holiness.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

HYMN 117. L. M. [✕]

Communion with Christ.

- 1 **T**o Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains,
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 118. C. M. [* or b]

Human Misery, and Divine Consolation.

- 1 **T**HE days how few, how short the year
Of man's so rapid race !
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.
- 2 They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and numerous ties ;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way.
And robs us of a friend.
- 5 If we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God,
Have we not cause to fear the stroke
Of his avenging rod ?
- 6 If we resign, our patience makes
His rod a gentle wand ;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand.

YOUNG.

HYMN 119. C. M. [*]

The Spring.

- 1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray ;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 4 'Then let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.
- 5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart !
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart !

- 7 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song,
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 120. C. M. [✕ or b]

Repentance and Pardon. Isaiah lv.

- 1 **W**HEN sinners quit their wicked ways,
 Their evil thoughts forego,
 The God to whom their steps return
 Returning grace will show.
- 2 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;
 For, hear the voice divine ;
 " My nature is not like to yours,
 Nor like your ways are mine.
- 3 " But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
 Beyond this earth extend ;
 So far my thoughts, so far my ways
 Your thoughts and ways transcend.
- 4 " Like as the showers from heaven distil,
 Nor thither rise again,
 But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
 And all its tribes sustain ;
- 5 " So not a word that flows from me
 Shall ineffectual fall ;
 But universal nature prove
 Obedient to my call.

- 6 “ Where briars grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring ;
And nature through her utmost bounds
Eternal praises sing.”

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN 121. L. M. [*]

Christ the Life of the Soul.

- 1 **W**HEN doubts and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires ;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my strong desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal hope is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
Immoveable the promise stands ;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, then, my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, the last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 122. C. M. [b]

Thirsting after God. Isaiah xli. 17.

- 1 **W**^{hen} fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream ;
- 2 Should, sudden to his hopeless eye,
A crystal spring appear,
How would the enliv'ning, sweet supply
His drooping spirit cheer !
- 3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are
The promises impart ;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.
- 5 O when I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent strong desire,
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace, aspire ;
- 6 Then, let my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 123. C. M. [* or b]

Trust in God's word.

- 1 **W**HEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain
My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain,
It sinks and dies away.
- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop ;
I lean upon the Lord ;
My God, the pillar of my hope
Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys
Celestial beings know ;
And 'tis the same almighty voice
Supports the saints below.
- 4 'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
And heav'n's immortal frame ;
Then let my soul suppress her fears,
My basis is the same.
- 5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath
Forever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor shall my trust be vain.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 124. C. M. [* or b]

The Discipline of God's Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN I review the crooked ways,
Through which my feet have trod,
I find incessant cause to bless
And love my guardian God.
- 2 Through all the labyrinths of life,
My folly he pursu'd ;
My wandering heart to quick return,
How tenderly he woo'd !
- 3 I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless ;
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my success.
- 4 When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain ;
He kindly cur'd with wholesome draughts
Of unaffected pain.
- 5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.
- 6 To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine ;
One day he gave, and made the next
My soul's delight resign.

- 7 From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the will divine,
An absolute repose.

YOUNG.

HYMN 125. L. M. [* or b]

The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 **W**HEN the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my sinking heart ;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Does not his kind and welcome voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me welcome to my Lord,
My life, my treasure and my trust ?
- 5 And when my lively hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which gives the vision of thy face ?

- 6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love ;
And light and heav'nly peace impart ;
Blest earnest of the joys above.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 126. L. M. [* or b]

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thy offspring here, unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thy image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth and love
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though harden'd Jews denied his claim,
And turn'd away their scornful face ;
Yet those who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Give us to know our glorious Lord,
And see the Father in the Son.

- 6 Whilst we, thine image there display'd,
 With love and admiration view,
 Form us in likeness to our head,
 That we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

HYMN 127. C. M. [*]

The Pleasure of Religion.

- 1 **W**HEN true religion gains a place,
 And lives within the mind,
 The sensual life subdu'd by grace,
 And all the soul refin'd ;
- 2 The desert blooms in living green,
 Where thorns and briars grew,
 The barren waste is fruitful seen,
 And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
 The frozen powers revive ;
 Spring blooms without, within is peace ;
 All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy christian, richly bless'd !
 What floods of pleasure roll !
 By God and man he stands confess'd
 In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy ;
 His Maker is his friend ;
 The noblest business his employ,
 And happiness his end !

- 6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,
Your airy good pursue ;
Let me religion's pleasure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD.

HYMN 128. L. M. [* or b]

Love to God and Man.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
“ Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With sacred fervour and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke ;
This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN 129. L. M. [✕ or b]

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 **W**HILST some in folly's pleasure roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That Friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though God afflicts, I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

ENFIELD'S Collection.

HYMN 130. S. M. [*]

Preserving Grace.

- 1 **T**o God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

HYMN 131. C. M. [✕]

Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My stedfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee!

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN 132. C. M. [✕ or b]

Resignation in Death.

- 1 **W**HAT cannot resignation do?
It wonders can perform ;
That powerful charm, " Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.
- 2 Haste, then, O resignation, haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
The mind to death ; at thy approach
The monster wears a smile.
- 3 What sight beneath the arch of heaven
Has most of heaven to boast ?
The dying saint, resign'd, serene,
And giving up the ghost.
- 4 O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst yet I draw my breath,
That foretaste of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death !

YOUNG.

HYMN 133. C. M. [✕ or b]

Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 **W**HY should the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes ;

Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies !

2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day ! alas, how vain !
With conscious sighs we own ;
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray ;
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 134. L. M. [* or b]

Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.¹

- 1 **W**ITH wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim
'Th' immortal honours of thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his countless glories known.
- 2 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd;
Before creation was begun,
Before all ages, was the SON.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
'The same hath been, and still shall be;
Immortal honours crown his head,
Though earth and skies wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his people high;
And place them near his Father's throne,
In glory lasting as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 135. C. M. [* or b]

Repentance and Hope.

- 1 **W**ITH restless agitations tost,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose ?
- 2 O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
These torturing cares control ;
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive my fainting soul.
- 3 Did ever thy paternal ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 4 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 5 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
For 'tis thy darling attribute
To pity and forgive.
- 6 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds its soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

- 7 My griefs confess its vital power,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

HYMN 136. C. M. [* or b]

Divine Goodness.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care ;
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his well beloved Son,
To save our souls from sin ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise !
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 137. C. M. [*]

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit:

- 1 **Y**E humble souls complain no more
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite ;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
Though earthly kingdoms fade away.
- 5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend who dy'd for you ;
Who dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

- 6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer ;
Confirm to me my int'rest there ;
Whatever be my lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.
- 7 O let me hear thy voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine ;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 138. C. M. [*]

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room !
- 3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Come, then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In extasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come ;
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 139. C. M. [* or b]

True and False Zeal.

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love supplies ;
 Whilst that which often bears the name,
 Is self but in disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfy'd,
 If sinners love the Saviour's name,
 Nor seeks it aught beside.

- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own end in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
“ Come, see what I can do.”
- 6 Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

NEWTON.

HYMN 140. L. M. [* or b]

Divine Compassion to Sinners.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Let sinners hear the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

- 4 "Come, all ye weary, fainting souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And lead you to my heavenly home.
- 5 "Ye shall find rest, that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 6 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 7 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To rule and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN 141. L. M. [*]

The Glory and Grace of Christ.

- 1 **N**ow to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his noblest works outdone.

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in thy Son a glory shines,
Drawn out in far superior lines;
The lustre of redeeming grace
Outshines the beams of nature's face.
- 5 Grace! 'Tis a pure celestial theme,
Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may we reach that glorious place,
Where we shall see him face to face;
Where all his saints from death restor'd,
Shall be forever with the Lord.

WATTS, varied

HYMN 142. C. M. [✱ or b]

The Christian's Resolution, founded on Jacob's Vow.
Gen. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **O** THOU, by whose all-bounteous hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through life's weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 To thee our humble vow we raise;
To thee address our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful hand,
Deposit all our care.

- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
 Wilt be our constant guide ;
 If thou wilt daily food supply,
 And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
 Till all our wanderings cease ;
 And at our Father's safe abode
 Our souls arrive in peace ;
- 5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
 Ourselves we will resign ;
 And count that all on earth we have,
 And e'en our life is thine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 143. Sevens Metre. [*]

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our songs employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use ;
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land :
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
From its stem, the opening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit ;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;
- 8 Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN 144. C. M. [*]

The Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky ;
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What, though his 'uncontrol'd decree
Command our flesh to dust ?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS.

HYMN 145. L. M. [✽]

The Beatitude.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

- 3 Blest are the meek who stand afar,
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

WATTS.

HYMN 146. C. M. [b]

Submission to Providence.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own, in vain,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave ;
He gives, and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then !
Let each impatient sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

HYMN 147. S. M. [*]

Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**ow beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How glad the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

HYMN 148. C. M. [*]

The Christian Race.

- 1 **M**Y soul, awake, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet, with joy, the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 149. L. M. [* or b]

The Eternal Sabbath.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And let our songs and worship rise
Like grateful incense to the skies.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that, our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of death and sin ;
Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 150. C. M. [✱]

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 “SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation’s born to day.
- 2 “The Son of God, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 “No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 “Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the SON.”
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :
- 6 “Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,
At their Redeemer’s birth.”

- 7 Lord, shall the angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

WATTS

HYMN 151. L. M. [b]

Self-Examination.

- 1 THOU vain intruding world depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone;
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue;
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand;
And shall I waste the ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my fleeting time away?

- 5 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart,
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN 152. C. M. [* or b]

Ardent Love to Christ.

- 1 **D**o not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 And turn each worthless idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
 To my enraptur'd ear ?
 Doth not my pulse with pleasure beat,
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round thy throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known ?

- 5 Would not my heart pour out its blood,
In honour of thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord ;
But how I long to soar
Above the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more !

DODDRIDGE.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As Psalm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,

And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

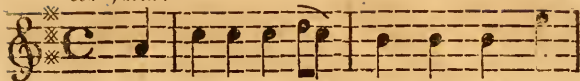
As Psalm 148.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd ;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

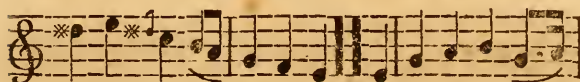
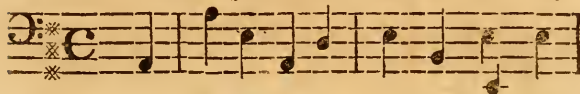
As Psalm 149.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in 'Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

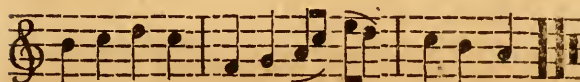
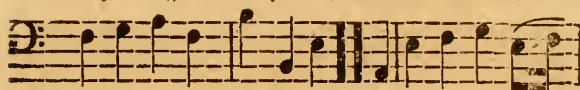
FIRST MORNING HYMN.

Con Jubilo.

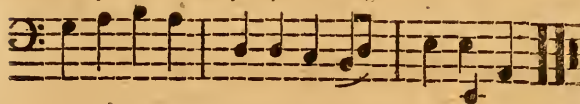
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy



daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and

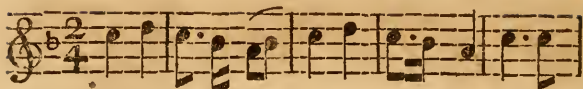


early rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

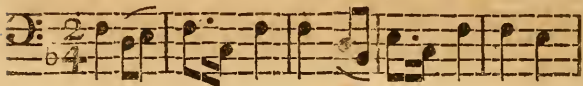


- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SECOND MORNING HYMN.



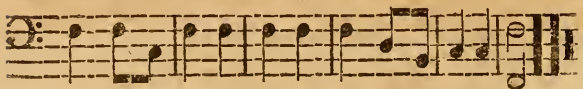
Lord all glori - ous, King om - nipo - tent, Praise we



• thy name for - e - - ver. Show'r down thy blessings

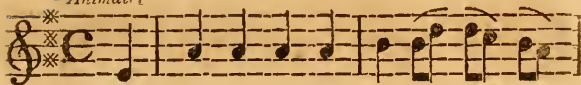


on us thy creatures, Who now implore thy mer - cy.

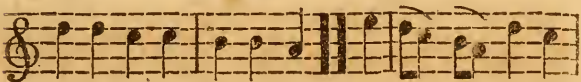
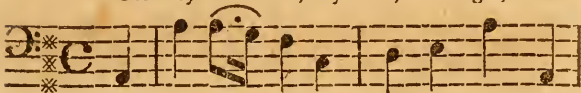


Christ victorious, death's great Conqueror,
Hear us, thou sole Redeemer.
Come, Holy Spirit, with love inspire us,
And purify our hearts for prayer.

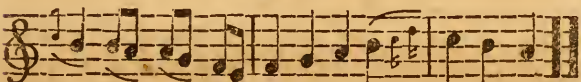
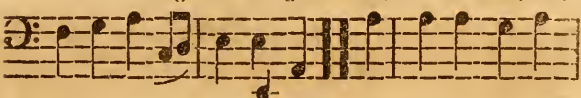
FIRST EVENING HYMN.

- Animato.

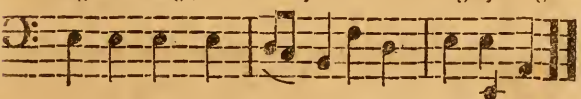
Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For



all the blessings of the light ; Keep me, O keep me,



King of kings, Under thy own al - - mighty wings.

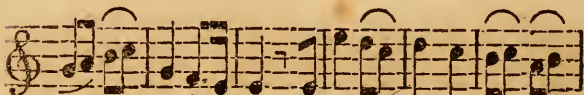


- 2 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 3 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid ?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Though he may strike, he cannot harm.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

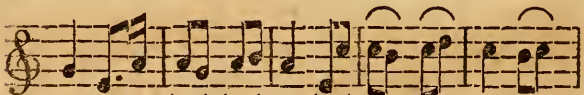
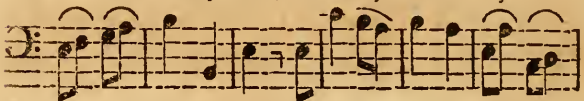
SECOND EVENING HYMN.



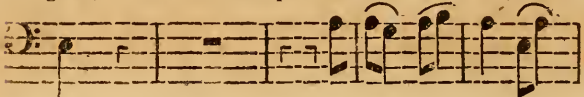
Thou vain in - truding war d, depart, No more al-



lue or vex my heart; Let ev'ry van - i - ty be



gone; I would be peaceful and a - lone, I

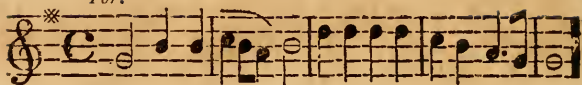


would be peaceful and a - lone.

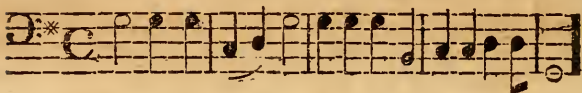
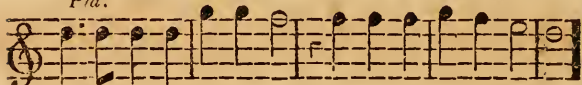


- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find ;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er :
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend ;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand,
And shall I waste the ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my fleeting time away ?
- 5 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

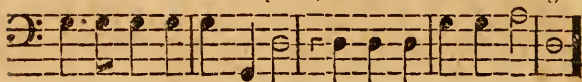
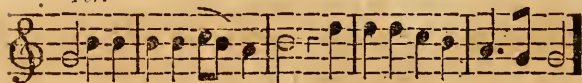
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

For.

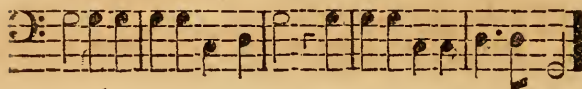
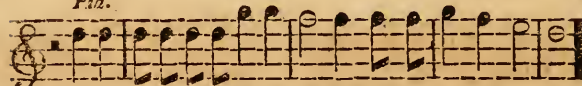
We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

*Pia.*

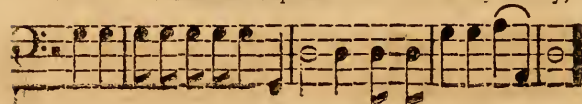
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever - lasting.

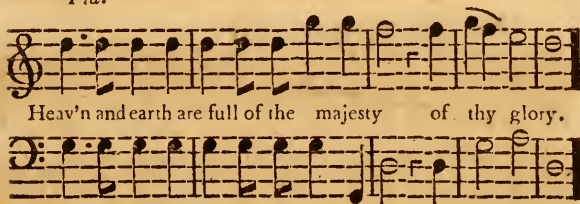
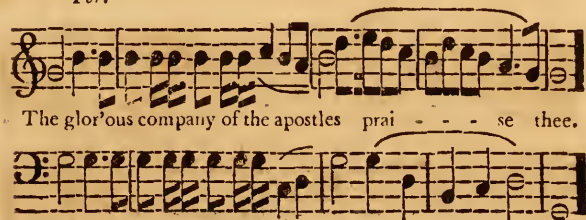
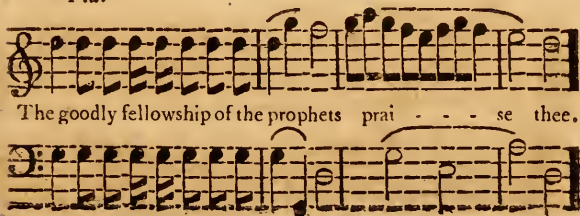
*For.*

To thee all angels cry aloud: the heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein.

*Pia.*

To thee cherubim and seraphim contin - u - al - ly do cry,



For.*Pia.**For.**Pia.*

For.

The noble army of mar - tyrs pra - - - se thee.

Pia.

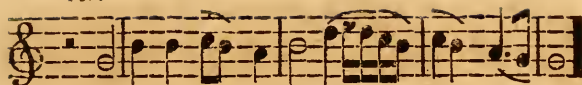
The holy church, thro'out all the world, doth acknowledge thee,

For.

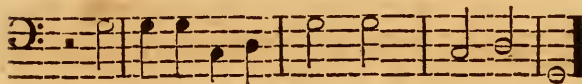
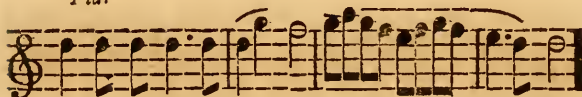
The Fa - ther, of an in - finite majesty ;

Pia.

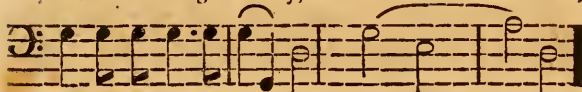
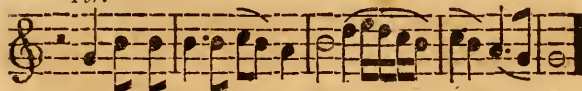
Thine a - dor - able, true, and on - - - ly Son ;

For.

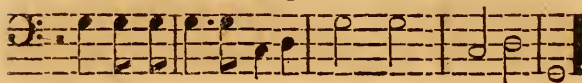
Also the Holy Ghost, the Com - for - ter.

*Pia.*

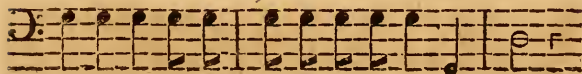
Thou art the King of Glory, O - - - - Christ ;

*For.*

Thou art the ever - lasting Son of the Father.

*Pia.*

When thou tookest up - on thee to de - liver man,

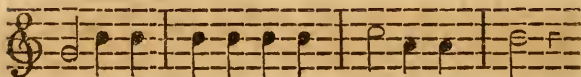




thou didst humble thyself to be born of a vir - gin.



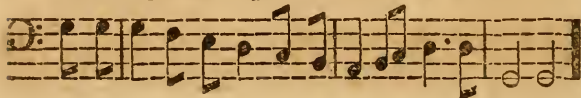
For.



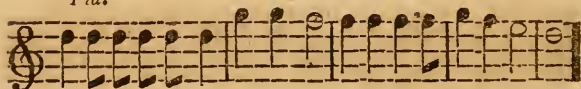
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,



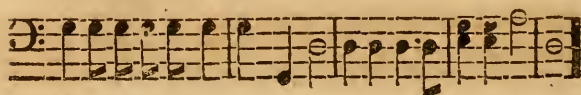
thou didst open the kingdom of heav'n to all be - lievers.

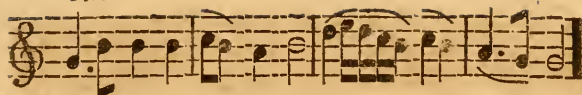


Pia.

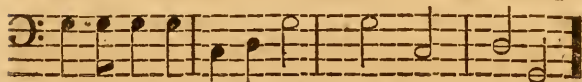


Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

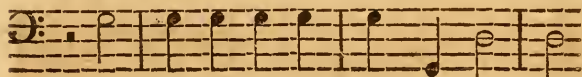


For.

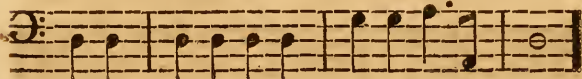
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

*Pia.*

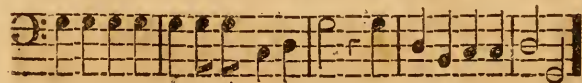
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,

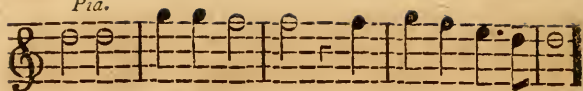


whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

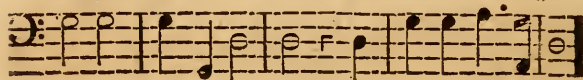
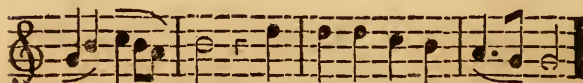
*For.*

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

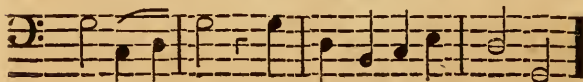


Pia.

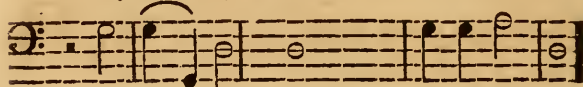
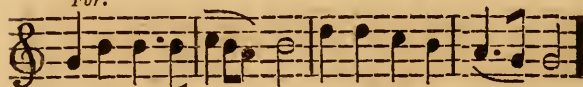
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine her-tage.

*For.*

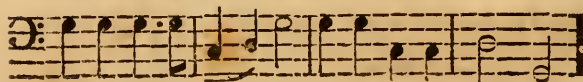
Govern them, and lift them up for - - e - ver.

*Pia.*

Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee;

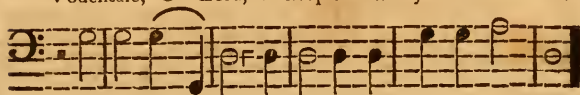
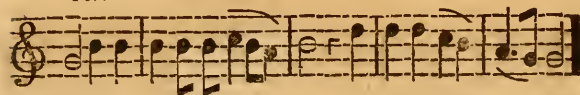
*For.*

And we worship thy name, ever, world without end.

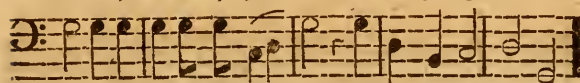
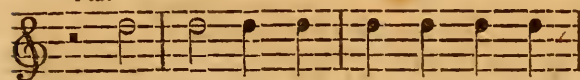


Pia.

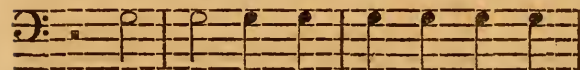
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

*For.*

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

*Pia.*

O Lord, let thy mercy be up-

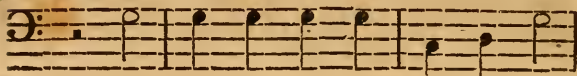


on us, as our trust is in thee.

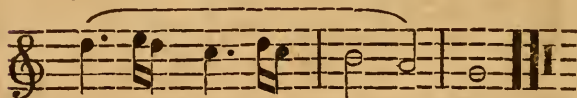


For.

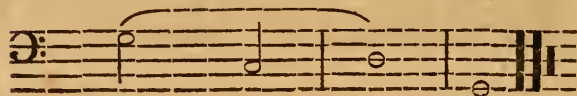
O Lord, in thee have I trusted ;



let me never be con - found - ed.

*Pia.**For.*

A - - - - - men.



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